

corollary of which opinion is that it is for each man to make himself exceptional.

The other point of view is that this is not the case at all, & that such talk is only a pleasant way to amuse oneself in the evening, to bring a flush to one's cheeks, while at the same time reminding one's companions that we too, after all, are self-made men, & by thus arguing to share in the fellowship of agreeable conversation after a fine meal in an excellent restaurant, where one has been made talkative by a strong & expensive wine.

-- Steve Kowit

Brooklyn NY

our song

the sirens are always going around  
here, it's number one  
on the hit parade, and  
here are some words that  
might fit,  
whenever I hear a siren I know it's  
our song at  
8 in the morning, 3 a.m., midnight and  
noon it's  
garbage disposal day trash day laundry day  
sanitary civilization  
they even pick up  
the tombstone sellers the morticians the doctors  
and the nurses and the orderlies,  
the living and the dying and the dead,  
those ambulance sirens  
they are always going around here,  
you know, there's junk enough for all of us:  
used bottles, used clothes, used cars, used  
houses, used women, used newspapers, used  
people,  
some day we'll clear the whole earth of it,  
let it go,  
red lights off, sirens stopped,  
who needs the dismal madness of  
everything quitting  
again and again? ... falling stars, stinking seals,  
torn stockings, the whole  
Christmas tree assassinated duck  
heritage ....